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NEB.

AN IOWA SUICIDE.

**A Wife and Husband Agree to Sepa-
rate, and Divide Their Effects—
Bloody Suicide of the Wife—
The Weapon of Death
Buried with Her.**

The Correctionville News of the 5th
inst., has a well written article, evidently
by some one who has been on the ground,
about the suicide of a Mrs. Matilda J.
Thornley, of Wolf Creek township. The
News account says:

The family came from near Anamosa
some three years ago, and bought an
eighty-acre farm of Henry Wilke, which,
by careful farming, had brought them
enough money to buy an adjoining eighty
this spring, which was being opened and
improved at the time of the tragedy.
Everything about the farm bears evi-
dence of thrift and prosperity. A num-
ber of acres of forest land orchard trees
are in fine condition, strawberries and
other small fruit have been planted in
abundance, the garden and orchard well-
fenced; in fact, everything betraying the
care and neatness of the English farmer,
who, upon a small farm, has learned
lessons of economy which he brings to
bear upon his larger possessions in
America.

The dwelling of itself is not valuable
but is roomy, and as good as the average
farm house. The main part is about 16
by 20, with a shed 12 by 16 on the south
side, used as a kitchen and dining room,
and the place where the bloody deed was
committed. The interior of the house
shows the deceased to have been a neat
and tidy housekeeper. The rag carpet in
the best room was clean, and supplied
with neat home-made mats. The win-
dows and woodwork were clean and
bright, the stove nicely polished, pictures
and bric-a-brac arranged tastefully about
the walls; in one corner in a cupboard
were some twenty or thirty pairs of silk,
but she who had been the keeper and
preserver of this home lay in her coffin at
the side of the room. Over her bent
those who had known the family best,
and in the presence of the dead they tell
something of her history.

She was a good woman save for her
temper, over which she had little if any
control. She was passionately fond of
dancing, and her husband had brought
her to Correctionville upon several occa-
sions to dances. As may be supposed
there was continually trouble in the fam-
ily, the wife insisting upon having her
own way and upon several occasions
threatening to take her life if her wishes
were not granted. Mrs. Thornley did
not say much but managed things to suit
herself, largely. For some time before
the tragedy it had been agreed upon that
they should separate. They had occu-
pied separate rooms for some and al-
though living under the same roof were
only waiting until the agreement could
be perfected.

About two weeks ago the husband
went to Sioux City and got \$300 in cash
which he gave her, and also a lien upon
the farm for \$700 in lieu of her dower.
Everything had been completed, Mrs.
Thornley had packed her trunks taking
what she wished about the house, and on
the day of her death she was to go to
Sioux City and take the care for Amer-
ica. Mr. V. Heath's boy had been work-
ing for them on the farm and had gone
the night before to a party in the neigh-
borhood to which Mrs. Thornley wished
to go, but her husband didn't want to go,
and so they stayed at home. She passed
a restless night, not undressing until 2 or
3 o'clock.

Nothing unusual occurred in the morn-
ing; she got breakfast as usual, and while
eating they talked over her leaving dur-
ing the day, and it was decided that
when Heath should return, as he would
soon, he should take her to Sioux City.
Mr. Thornley finished his meal and went
out to feed the pigs, and that was the
last time he saw his wife alive. They
had a 9-year old boy up stairs just getting
over the measles. Just before breakfast
she had brought him something to eat
and kissed him good-bye. He says that
after his father went out he heard a noise
like the upsetting of chairs, a heavy fall,
and then all was quiet. He got out of bed
and went down stairs and saw his mother
lying on the kitchen floor, face down-
ward, and the blood running from her neck.
He called to his father at the barn, who
came and saw what had happened, sent
the boy back to bed and started on horse-
back for R. B. Twogood's, a mile north.
Just as he left the yard, he met Heath
and told him what had happened and
told him to stay until he came back. The
coroner was sent for, who came and em-
pannelled a jury, which found that the
deceased came to death by her own hand.
The weapon used was a large sized
butcher knife. Both jugular veins and
the windpipe were severed, so that death
was undoubtedly almost instantaneous.
The stains of blood were yet visible upon
the kitchen floor, where it had run across
the floor and formed pools at the farther
side. She had evidently seized the knife
and cut her throat as soon as her husband
left, for a part of a cup of coffee and a
piece of cake was left. The chair upon
which she had been sitting was over-
turned as she fell to the floor. Her face
was somewhat discolored, the fingers
grasped tight, and a determined look
still was seen in her features.

It was told the writer that since they
had decided to separate, she had corre-
sponded with an old lover who lives in
Nebraska and who visited her not long
since.
The funeral services were conducted
by Rev. C. N. Simmet. The funeral pro-
cession numbered upwards of sixty teams,
and brought far more people to the
school-house than could gain admittance.
According to a custom, the weapon with
which the unfortunate woman ended her
existence was buried with her. It is
said to have been a most sickening
sight to see the woman lying upon her
face, so near the kitchen door that it
could be but partially opened, while
across the room ran her life's blood
formed in pools at the further side. Pub-
lic opinion in the neighborhood exten-
sively condemns the husband from all blame
and gives to the wife credit for many
very many lovely traits and goodly graces.
"There was no better woman in the
county," said one of her neighbors be-
tween sobs, "except when her temper
got the better of her, and then she had
no control of herself. A deep grief and
a deep mystery ever dwells around such
graves."

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This superbly illustrated and first-
class new book gives a full and authentic
history of the lives and deeds of the
most famous American of our times,
written expressly for it by twenty of the
most distinguished authors of the present
day.
It is a complete portrayal of the lives
and thrilling adventures of Ameri-
can women who have won their way to
fame and glory, in the face of tremend-

ous obstacles. Most of them began life
poor and unknown, earned their own liv-
ing, fought their single-handed against
opposition and persecution, braved dan-
gers and often risked their lives for duty
and humanity, suffered loss of friends,
standing and money,—yet in spite of
everything steadily rose to high position
and world-wide glory until they have be-
come the most famous women of our
times. How did they do it? What is the
secret of their success? What are the
lights and shadows of their lives? What
is the story beneath the glory? It is the
object of this book to give this informa-
tion. It aims to tell the true story of
thirty famous women, whose names are
household words, but whose history has
never been published. It tells the story
of each from facts and materials supplied
by these themselves, thus making it at
once a work of thrilling interest and au-
thority for all time.

The work has been in course of pre-
paration for the past five years, and, al-
ready stated, is the joint production of
twenty of the most distinguished writers
of our day, who have given their best
efforts to its completion. The names of
the writers are: Elizabeth Stuart Phelps
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forts of twenty of our greatest living
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ings which adorn it too much cannot be
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that the best way to keep out poor books
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book than "Our Famous Women" has
not been offered to our citizens in a long
time.

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Famous Women" at the first opportunity.
Put it into your hands. You can, in our
opinion, much better afford to dispense
with dozens of other books than not pos-
sess this thoroughly first-class one.

MILES UNDER THE SEA.

Fishes That Carry Lanterns and Light
Up the Ocean.

Many curious forms of fishes have been
found in the deep sea. One fish, dredged
from a depth of nearly three miles from
the surface, shows a complete modifica-
tion of structure. At this distance from
the surface the pressure is so hard to
realized. It is estimated that this fish
has to contend against a pressure equal
to two and a half tons to every square
inch of surface. A sealed glass tube, in-
closed in a perforated copper covering,
has at two miles been reduced to fine
powder, while the metal was twisted out
of shape. The fishes are constructed
that they withstand the pressure. Their
bony and muscular systems are not fully
developed; the bones are permeated with
pores and fissures. The calcareous mat-
ter is at a minimum, and the bones of the
vertebrae are joined together so loosely
that in lifting the larger fishes out of the
water they often fall apart. The muscles
are all thin, and the connective tissue
seems almost wanting. Yet these fishes
are able to dart about and capture the
prey.

Sunlight penetrates only about 1,200
feet below the surface of the sea. At
3,000 feet the temperature lowers to 40
deg. Fahr., and from about a mile from
the surface to the bottom, four or five
miles, the temperature is about the same
the world over—just about freezing.
How do the fishes and other forms that
live here see? Their eyes are modified as
well as their other parts. The fishes that
live 600 feet from the surface have larger
eyes than those in the zone above them,
so that they can see the light rays that
reach them. In a zone below this
many forms with small eyes begin to
have curious tentacles, feelers, or organs
of touch.

Many of these deep sea fish have
special organs upon the head and sides
that are known to possess a luminous
quality. Other organs are considered
accessory eyes, so that the fishes have
rows of eyes upon their ventral surfaces
looking downward, while near are lumino-
ous spots that provide them with light.
One of the largest of these deep sea torch-
bearers is a fish six feet long, with a tail
dorsal fin extending nearly the entire
length of the body. The top of the head
is luminous and also a broad patch upon
its head. Along the sides of the body is
a double row of luminous spots. One of
the most ferocious of these deep sea forms
is the channidius. Its mouth is fairly
overflowing with teeth that protrude in a
most forbidding manner. The fins are all
tipped with flaming spots, and along
the dorsal surface extends a row of spots
that appear like so many shining jewels
in the fish, through which light is
shining.

The little fishes called Bombay ducks
are luminous over their entire surface,
and when numbers are collected together
they present any glowing spectacle.
One of the most interesting of these light
givers is the Channidius, a fish that at-
tains the length of only thirteen inches.
The top of its head is the principal light-
giving organ, and its fins gleam with
phosphorescent light. It is not alone re-
markable as a light giver. It has a jaw
so arranged that it can swallow fish of its
size and easily swallow them. Its stom-
ach has the elastic quality of India rub-
ber. It stretches to enormous propor-
tions, and appears like a great transparent
balloon hanging under the fish and con-
taining its prey.

The last expedition sent out by France
brought to light some remarkable forms.
The dredge of Morozzo brought up from
a depth of one and a half miles a fish that
appeared to be all head or mouth. It
was of small size, and the length of the
mouth was about four-fifths of the
entire body; so that, if the body had
been severed behind the head, it and two
or three like it or three like it or three like
it would have been stowed away in its
capacious pouch. It probably
moves very slowly, sipping mud and ooze
into its mouth, sifting out the animal
parts and rejecting the rest.

ARE YOU GOING TO EUROPE?

In another column will be found the an-
nouncement of Moore, THOS. COOK & SON
Tourist Agents, 261 Broadway, New York,
relative to the very complete arrangements
they have made for Europe, including
the Spring and Summer. "Cook's Excur-
sionist," containing maps and full particulars,
will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10

PANIC IN THE OLDER TIMES.

A Forgotten Box that Saved the
Bank of England Many
Years Ago.

There was a great panic in the Bank
of England in December, 1825, caused
by the redemption of interest on £215,-
000,000 of stock held by the public. The
Bank of England was acting as banker
for the nation and offered to advance
money to the holders of stock to pay off
their principal investment. This was an
era of speculation, and no less than
£372,000,000 or over \$1,800,000, was
invested in all kinds of "bogus" stock
shares. In some of these schemes
profits of £100, on which only £5 had
been paid, rose to a premium of £40
yielding a profit of eight times the amount
of money paid. Everything went awry
as a marriage bell for a time, and large
sums had been withdrawn from the
Bank of England, reducing the gold in
its vaults from £8,750,000 in October,
1824, to £3,624,320 in February, 1825.

The panic began on the 5th of Decem-
ber, when a London bank failed,
at which the agency of over forty country
banks was transacted, and such a reac-
tion was the necessary result of the pre-
vious madness of speculation. Lombard
street and the vicinity of the bank were
filled with excited men and women,
some frightened out of their wits, others
raving like maniacs. The scene in New
York's financial center the past week
were of a similar nature. The thousands
of excited people were waiting eagerly to
withdraw their investments. Next day
several other banks failed. The rush on
the bank of England was terrific, but the
clerk kept paying away the gold in bags
containing 25 sovereigns each.

Each day twenty-five clerks were en-
gaged counting out gold, and as it would
take that number of clerks to count out
£50,000 in sovereigns, if counted by
hand, a plan was adopted by which the
tellers counted twenty-five sovereigns
into one scale and twenty-five in another,
if the scales balanced they continued
until there were 500 sovereigns in
each scale. In this way £1,000 were
paid out in a few minutes, the weight of
1,000 sovereigns being twenty-five
pounds, while 512 bank notes only
weigh one pound. In this way £317,000
was paid out in nine hours to clamorous
depositors.

Instead of contracting their issues the
directors of the bank boldly extended them.
In one day they discounted
4,200 bills. December 8 the discounts at
the bank amounted to £7,500,000; on the
15th they were £11,500,000, and on the
20th, £13,000,000; December 3 the circu-
lation of the bank was £17,000,000, and
on the 5th before Christmas, December
24, it was £25,500,000 or the enormous
sum of \$127,500,000. Any kind of paper
that was not absolutely worthless was
deposited. Tremendous advances on
deposits of bills of exchange were made
by the bank, stock was entered as secu-
rity, and exchequer bills were pur-
chased. The gallant old institution
weathered the storm, and on the 25th of
December gold began to come in slowly.
During the latter part of the panic week
a forgotten box of £1 notes containing
£700,000, was discovered, and these were
immediately issued, and the directors ac-
knowledgeed that the forgotten box saved
the commercial credit of the Bank of En-
gland. There were only £701,000 in the
box, and £426,000 in gold, when the
great rush stopped. In February, 1797,
when the bank suspended cash payments,
there were £1,080,170 in coin and bullion
remaining in the vaults.

No More Free Puffs.

The Charleston Herald has established
the following rates for puffs:

To call a man a "progressive citizen"
whereof he is not, \$1. To call a man a
"government mule," \$1.70. To call a
man whose place will long remain to be
filled, "when you know that he was
one of the best poker players in town,"
\$2.17.

Calling a female "a talented and refined
young lady," a "valuable acquisition to
society," with variations, \$2.75.

Calling a man a liar during a campaign
to advertise him, 25 cents, with propor-
tionate reduction if the light becomes too
worsening to exert.

Referring to an old citizen as a "relic
of antiquity," 65 cents.

Calling a new lawyer "a legal light of
which the profession should feel proud,"
\$1.25.

Extra rates will be charged when the
party is well known, as it takes more to
counteract the influence a long residence
is supposed to exert.

Candidates for office will be charged in
proportion to their wealth, as a guaran-
tee that their promises to their constitu-
ency will be fulfilled. We usually re-
quire that their first year's salary be
left with us as a guaranty of good faith
only.

OHIO VALLEY BUFFALOS.

How Boys Hunt and Shoot Them in
Suburban Cincinnati—The Game
Within Gun-Shot of the City,
and Comparatively Un-
molested.

From the Cincinnati Inquirer.
A couple of half-grown boys, well
dressed and apparently of good families,
were dodging from tree to tree in Spring
Grove avenue, in the vicinity of the cen-
tury, about 3 o'clock one afternoon dur-
ing May festival week. Their evident
desire to reach some point up the avenue
without being seen brought down on
them the attention of a party of sight-
seers emerging from the cemetery gate.
The boys walked with a curious stiff-
legged shuffle, amounting almost to a de-
fiance, but the cause was not discovered
until they turned into Crescent avenue,
which debouches into the road a short
distance above.

At that point, imaging the danger
detected, one of them
grew careless and allowed a puff of wind
to displace his coat far enough to show
the polished butt of a Ballard rifle, which
was thrust, muzzle down, in the right
leg of his trousers, the stock ranging well
up under his coat.

The boys' queer gait and actions had
made them merely objects of a languid
sort of interest before the last discovery,
but upon catching sight of the rifle, the
Enquirer man immediately decided that
he had business of importance on Cres-
cent avenue which required that the boys
should be kept in sight, while
imagining themselves alone. To this
was added the group. The retired nature
of the avenue, however, had given the
boys more courage, and after the bridge
was passed they ceased dodging and
walked in a straight line, still keeping to
the side of the road where shelter could
be quickly found if needed.

"I bet you a dollar," said the smaller
boy, "that you don't shoot a one, Bob."
"I'll take you," rejoined Bob at once,

"and you can have one for good measure,
I bet you I shoot two. But the little pop-
gun of yours—"

Bob's scorn of the "little pop-gun"
would not permit him to finish the sen-
tence, and he limped along with his nose
in the air, while the smaller lad proceed-
ed to extract the "pop-gun" from its
hiding place, which was similar to that
of his companion's weapon—namely, the
leg of his breeches. It proved to be a
handsome and highly-polished Flobert,
of course not so heavy and bulky as the
Ballard, but none the less quite large
enough to kill the usual small game of
this neighborhood—rabbits squirrels and
birds.

The line of march led up the avenue
as far as the canal, where it branched to
the left and followed the stream to one
of the ponds or basins, which are to be
found on the borders of Clifton, and
which—fed by the waters of the canal—
from the source which comes the greater
part of Cincinnati's ice supply. As
every Cincinnati knows there was but
little water in the canal during May festival
week and in consequence this basin was
alive with fish, which had swam into its
deeper water as the canal channel became
empty. The pond itself was not more
than three feet deep in the deepest parts
and in consequence the tails and dorsal
fin of many of the larger fish were often
cut through the surface and stood out
like the backs of diminutive sharks or
dolphins.

The banks of the basin sloped gradually
and, where the water had receded, were
covered with a slimy, black mud. It
was not at all an uncommon sight to see
a big twenty or thirty pound fish forge
through the water at the rate of forty
miles an hour—his high dorsal fin cut-
ting through the surface, leaving a wake
of bubbles behind him—and run full out
of the water into the slimy ooze, which
was but a shade darker than the water
itself. When this occurred the fish be-
came a perfect mud battery. In his ef-
fort of getting back into the water, his
element, his tail would also the soft mud
with cruel force, making a report that
that be heard for several rods, and send-
ing mud flying in all directions.

Birds of all colors and voice were in
brush and trees surrounding the basin—
many of them foreign birds imported by
Mr. Frohman and others for the purpose
of beautifying the village. A bright
blue kingfisher sat on a projecting limb
of a maple tree, springing fixedly at the
water below him, and upon the approach-
ing of the boys, a large gray crane lifted
itself out of the pond and flew away, its
long legs dangling and its wings flapping
like the sails of a wind mill.

But the boys were not after birds.
They kept their eyes and their minds
down to the fish in the water, and while
they were unlimbering their guns and
pushing home the little twenty-two and
thirty-two calibre cartridges which formed
a charge, they talked about what they
would do and would not do in case they
shot a hundred pounds.

"When you see a buffalo or a big cat
on top of the water, you shoot," said Bob.
"We don't want no little fish, and we
won't shoot at chubs nor sunfish nor lit-
tle cats. You shoot first, because it will
take two shots to kill those fellows, and
after getting one dose they are bound to
dive; my charge is heavy enough to kill
under water, and I will let them have a
second pill after they are down. It is no
use for you to fire into the water at all;
it will just glance your little bullet and
waste the powder."

Probably there has never before been
such a collection of large fish in a few
square rods of shallow water as was
in that basin. Some few
of them were black catfish, as
large as the bronze dolphins on the Fifth
street fountain; but the great bulk of the
splashing crowd was made up of light-
colored fish, with large scales, a project-
ing sucker mouth, high dorsal fins, run-
ning almost back to the tail, and a body
hunched about the shoulders, much like
the hump of a bison or buffalo. This curi-
ous conformation of body gives the fish
its common name—buffalo fish. Like
the catfish it often reaches a weight of
from 80 to 100 pounds, and its flesh is
of sufficient demand for food as to be
sold in the markets.

"Pop" went the Flobert, making a re-
port not louder than that made by an ex-
ploding paper cap, but a commotion in
the water at the edge of the pond told
that the bullet had reached its mark. No
fish was visible, but the water was
churned into a perfect foam, drops occa-
sionally flying ten feet into the air.

"He's hit hard," cried Bob. "Was
he a big one?"

"Well, I should smile. Don't you
shoot now. I want to kill that fellow
all by myself."

But Bob did not care to take any
chances, and, running his eye along the
potholed barrel, he fired into the centre
of the foam. The shot was colored from
every bill in the neighborhood, and
operated on the disturbed water like oil.
The lashing and bubbling ceased and
the surface at the spot where the bullet
had entered became like glass.

Then the boys sat down and waited.
"We are waiting to see if the buffalo is
killed," explained Bob, five minutes la-
ter, after the writer had introduced him-
self and assured the boys that he was
guiltless of any police authority. "You
see, when they are dead they come to the
top of the water, and in the course of
time float ashore. We have to wait until
they float in because the mud on the bot-
tom of the basin is so deep that we can-
not wade in it. Oh, yes, I can see a com-
mon thing for us to shoot fish here, whether
the canal is empty or not. In the spring
the fish always come into the basin to
spawn, and they seem to be lazy and to
like to float near the top of the water at
such times; but, of course, just now they
are much more plenty than when the can-
al is full, and in consequence there is
much more sport. We never shoot birds
excepting a peep at a hawk or two now and
then. Since the water has been down
there have been some snipe about the ba-
sins, and I came up this morning with a
shot-gun, but did not bag any. There is
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FIRST ANNUAL SALE

Pure Breed Short-Horn

Aberdeen-Angus Cattle,

From the Turlington Herds,

Will be held at the farm near Turlington Sta-
tion, Otoe County, on

TUESDAY, JUNE 17

Among the Short-Horns to be catalogued are Red
Rose Princess, Beauty of Iowa, and others, including
some of the topy branch) Marquis, Royal Dutch-
ess, Eclair day, Rosamonds, Young Mary's etc.,
etc. The Aberdeen-Angus will embrace Erlas, Sybil,
Jill, Jockey, Duke, and others. The Angus will be
of the Perry, Fyvie, Flossie, Darius, Lorraine, etc. Sale
will start at 11 a. m. Send for catalogue. Address T.
W. HARKER, P.